WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, January 7, 1804. [No. 60

LOUISA VENONI,

THE

MAID OF THE VALLEY.

A STORY.

(Concluded from page 50.)

HE took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. This, said he, if Louisa will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more: when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched.

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. Oh! Sir Edward! said she, what—what would you have me do?—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her reluctantly to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome.——Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps, he might soon overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendor of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for a while, the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbors reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But

his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered not only as the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual gaiety. This scene was so foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow; and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth; her's was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he showed her.

Sometimes when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavored to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her; the color faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. Louisa laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavored to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul.

Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.——Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat and black patch. It was her father!—She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion. I come not to upbraid you, said Venoni; I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields; grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbors, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy;—else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you, I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?——

But she shall shed no more, cried Sir Edward; you shall be happy and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honor, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!—but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem——Continue to love your Edward; but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy: happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni!

APOLOGUES.

The soul and body are like two enemies, who cannot quit each other; two friends, who cannot bear each other; they are fastened by the strongest tie, and yet are often in direct opposition.

The world is a volume written by the hand of God, containing but three leaves: the heavens, the earth, and the sea.

There are women in whom we find nothing but body, and that is so important with them, that we feel a fear, at being deficient in that article, when in their presence: there are others, who appear to be all soul; and one can hardly perceive they have a body.

Man is a sort of tree, which we are too apt to judge of by the bark.

ON INDOLENCE.

Addressed to the rising Generation.

MAN appears to be the only being in creation whose exertions exceed his necessities; who is urged to action by other calls than the imperious commands of natural appetites and desires. To other animals a state of rest is a state of choice; to him, of uneasiness; and he is frequently roused to action, not so much from the impulse of passion, as from a wish to avoid the tediousness and languor of inactivity. Hence we observe that no man is so determinately idle as to forego all employment; and those whom indolence discourages from useful and noble pursuits, yet seek some more trifling and frivolous avocations to cheat the wearisome hours of idleness.

No man complains so frequently of the tediousness of time, as he whom neither necessity or choice stimulates to exertion, and no one is more frequently fatigued than he who does nothing. How many thousands are there who wake in the morning only to wish the arrival of night, when they may again sleep; who saunter about, because to sit is insupportable; who take up a book, because they cannot think, and throw it down because it is unamusing; who fly to companions in whose society there is no pleasure, because they dread solitude; and who plunge into vice and dissipation, because the tedious uniformity of inactive virtue is disgusting! How many are there, whose mornings are passed in anxious solicitude for the evening, because they can only be pleased by forgetting themselves in the roar of inebriety and the frantic laugh of riot! The evening, indeed, is the holiday of the idler of both sexes: the lady may enjoy a cessation of *ennui* in the scandal and tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and the dresses and company of the theatre; and any man may drink, tho' he dares not reflect, may jest, tho' he cannot study, and lose in the Lethe of Bacchus, the remembrance of the morrow, and the consciousness of his worthlessness.

To those accustomed to a habit of indolence, the idea of exertion is connected with the idea of pain: to a mind enervated by the indulgence of idle amusements, danger appears to attend on every motion, and difficulty on every enterprise. That which is beheld by a soul in the vigor of activity, as yielding with facility to the energy of determined resolution, will, to the sickly eye of indolence, be magnified into impracticability. Such a mind is not aware, that to the exertions of fortitude and assiduity, few objects oppose a formidable barrier; and that he who has a fixed and determinate point in view, and who strives with industry and unrelaxing perseverance to reach it, will seldom be disappointed of success. Nor is this exertion so great or so laborious as may be supposed. As a body in motion is carried forward after the impulse has ceased, by the acquired force, so does every advance, after the first, become progressively more easy, and require less additional force; while, on the contrary, the pleasures resulting are in a progressional increase; for the consciousness of laudable pursuits increases with the increase of progress; and every step introduces us to new advantages, and of course, to new encouragements to proceed; as a man ascending a hill, is induced by the widening extent of prospect at every advance, to advance still further, and repeat his labor that he may repeat his gratification.

Would they, who by the invidious gifts of fortune, and the syren blandishments of idleness, are condemned to all the satiety of luxury and ease; who, fatigued by the vacuity of their own minds, seek for amusement in frivolous occupations and trifling or dissipated society, and who fly from insipidity and disgust, to riot, debauchery, and vice; would they advance one step in a different road, and taste the delights of industry and active virtue, they would discover that the man who is laudably employed, is scarcely subject to uneasiness or pain; that he who is busied in the cause of genius, or virtue, or of truth, may scorn the evils that depress the depraved or inactive, and armed in conscious merit may defy the power of accidents to injure, or dangers to terrify him: his days are days of peace and cheerfulness, his nights tranquil and composed; his life is happy, and his death lamented.

Among the number who complain of the tediousness of time and the weariness of lassitude, it may not be unreasonable to expect that some may be willing to listen to methods that shall quicken the one and relieve the other. Let such, if any such there are, reflect that he whose faculties are assiduously employed is too busy to think of the flight of moments, and watch with anxious impatience the finger of the clock: that he who can review, with conscious triumph, useful acquisitions and advantages, the produce of his own exertions, cannot feel the fatigue of indolence, and will not regret the fatigue of labor.

Let them reflect that every idle man wishes to be busy, and that no busy man wishes to be idle; for it is a fact, almost without an exception, that no man accustomed to habits of employment regrets his assiduity, or would be content to sink into a trifler and a cypher. Let them reflect that a life of idleness is a life of insignificance and contempt; that every one scorns the man who degrades himself by indolence and inactivity; that he is useless to his friends, despised by his enemies, and forgotten by the world. On the contrary, a man bending his faculties to the service of virtue and public utility; a man, who improves the manners or contributes to the felicity of mankind, is an object of reverence and esteem to all within the sphere of his activity; the world respects and admires him; he is, through all his connections, honored and beloved. Let then him whose hours linger in the insipid tediousness of lassitude, who is weary of the fatigue of doing nothing, and ashamed of insignificance; let him stimulate his faculties to activity and energy, and apply with determined vigor and perseverance to some useful and laudable pursuits: let him strive, if he have abilities and acquisitions for the task, to benefit and mend mankind; or at least let him benefit and mend himself, and diffuse pleasure around him, in a circle proportioned to his power, by benevolence: then let him exult in the praise of his own heart, and the consciousness of his own worth: let him triumph in the esteem of his fellow-beings, and the approbation of his God.

A man thus formed to act and to think, to spend his life in the advancement of science, the improvement of mankind, and the communication of happiness, whose time is employed in the unceasing use of his faculties, and the energy of virtue, is the boast of the world, the delight of the Almighty, and the perfection of human nature.

THE SICK WIDOW.

A MORAL TALE.

Translated from an admired Italian author.

COMPASSION is pleasing at all times, but much more so, when it is accompanied with *surprise*. While a person of rank was passing, early one morning, unknown, and alone, through the suburbs of Vienna, he was accosted by a little boy about twelve years old, who, with eyes cast down and full of tears, and with timid faltering accents, requested charity. The genteel air of the boy, the modesty of his behavior, the blush that colored his cheeks, the tears which clouded his eyes, his hesitating, perplexed, and interrupted tone, produced upon the mind of this gentleman a very strong impression.

You do not appear, said he, to have been born to ask charity—What has compelled you to do it?

I was not born, indeed, replied the youth with a sigh, accompanied with tears, in so wretched a situation! The misfortunes of my father, and the unhappy condition to which my mother is now reduced, have compelled me to it.

And who is your father?

He was a merchant, who had acquired considerable credit, and begun to make his fortune. The unexpected failure of one of his correspondents completely ruined him. To increase our misfortune, he was not able to survive his losses: in a month's time he died of melancholy. My mother, a younger brother, and myself are left in the deepest distress. I have found a retreat in the house of one of my father's friends. My mother has to this hour, struggled to support herself and my younger brother by hard labor; but this night she has been suddenly seized with a violent disorder, which makes me despair of her life. I am destitute of every thing, and I know not in what manner to assist her. Unaccustomed to beg, I have not courage to visit those who might recollect me. You, Sir, appear to me a stranger. In your presence, for the first time, I have taken courage to conquer the blush I feel. Oh! have pity on my unfortunate mother. Give me some means of consoling her. Saying this, he burst into a flood of tears, with which the stranger was deeply affected.

Does your mother live at any great distance from hence?

She lives at the end of this street, in the last house on the left hand, on the third story.

Has no physician yet visited her?

I was now going to find one; but I know not how to pay him, or how to procure what he may prescribe.

The stranger took from his purse some florins, and, holding them out to him, Run quickly, said he, find a physician, and comfort your mother. The little boy, with the simplest, but the most lively expressions of a grateful heart, thanked him and fled.

The stranger, in the mean time, as soon as the boy was gone some distance another way, resolved to go and visit the sick widow himself. He walked up stairs, entered a very small chamber, where he perceived only a little coarse furniture, an ill-jointed table, an old clothes-press, a bed on which lay the sick woman, and another small bed on one side of it. The widow was in a state of the deepest dejection; and her little son at the foot of the bed was bathed in tears. She was trying to comfort him, but alas! she herself had too much need of consolation. The stranger accosted her with the tone of sympathy; and, encouraging her, began to question her about her sickness, as though he had been a physician. She answered in as few words as possible; then, sighing and weeping, she exclaimed, Ah! Sir! my disorder arises from too profound a cause—the medical art has no remedy for it. I am a mother, and the unhappy mother of two unfortunate children. My own misfortunes, and those of my off-spring, have already pierced this heart too deeply. Death alone can put an end to my misery; but even death itself makes me shudder, on account of the wretchedness to which my poor children will be abandoned. Here her tears flowed in greater abundance.

She exposed to him all her anxieties, which this supposed physician concealed all previous knowledge of, and which drew fresh tears from him.

After a short pause, Take heart, said he: Do not despair for all this. *God* will not abandon you. I feel for your distressful situation. But assuredly there is a *Providence*, you will not be forsaken. Think at present of preserving a life so precious to your children. Have you a morsel of paper upon which I can write a prescription! She instantly tore a leaf from a little book, with which her younger son, a child about seven years of age, and who was at the foot of the bed, was amusing himself.

The stranger, as soon as he had written, said, This remedy will begin your recovery: If necessary, we will administer a better. In a little time I hope your health will be re-established. He left the billet upon the table and went away.

Soon after, the elder son came in. My dear mother, said he take heart, *God* has had compassion upon us. See what a gentleman has generously given me this morning. Here is enough for many days. I have been after a physician, who will arrive in a moment. Silence your sorrows, and console yourself.

Ah my son! replied the mother, come here and let me embrace thee. Heaven blesses thy innocence. Oh may it long protect it! A physician, whom I do not know, has just left the chamber. Look at the receipt on the table. Go and fetch me his prescription.

The son took the scrap of paper, and, reading it hastily, was struck with amazement. He examined it from the beginning; read it again and again; and then cried out, Ah mother what is this!

The mother, astonished and confounded, seized it from his hand, and, reading it with eagerness, Heavens! said she, the Emperor! In uttering this, the receipt dropt from her hand, and she fell back speechless and fainted away.

The billet was an order from the emperor Joseph II. in which he assigned her a generous support from his own private purse.

The physician arrived in time to recover the mother from the swoon into which surprise had thrown her. The medicines he made use of in a little time recovered her from her sickness, which

was principally occasioned by *affliction of mind.* And thus the generous monarch, crowned with praises and benedictions, was rewarded with the pleasure of restoring her to life and health, and *bringing back to happiness, a virtuous family cruelly persecuted by fortune.*

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

From Lavater.

I REQUIRE nothing of thee, (said a father to his innocent son, when bidding him farewel) but that thou shouldest bring me back this thy countenance.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her face in the glass, as she passed it with the candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast to the ground, with inexpressible modesty, at the sight of her own image. She passed the winter in town, surrounded by adorers, hurried away by dissipation, and plunged in trifling amusement; she forgot her bible, and her devotion. In the beginning of spring she returned again to her country-seat, her chamber, and the table on which her bible lay. Again she had the candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a sofa, and fell on her knees.—Oh, God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! My follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, illegible till this instant? Oh, come, and expel, come, and utterly efface them, mild tranquility, sweet devotion, and ye gentle cares of benevolent love!

I will forfeit my life, said Titus of the priest Tacitus, if this man be not an arch knave. I have three times observed him sigh and weep without cause; and ten times turn aside, to conceal a laugh he could not restrain, when vice or misfortune were mentioned.

A stranger said to a Physiognomist, How many dollars is my face worth? It is hard to determine, replied the latter. It is worth fifteen hundred, continued the questioner; for so many has a person lent me upon it to whom I was a total stranger.

A poor man asked alms. How much do you want? said the person of whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. How shall I dare to fix the sum? answered the needy person: give me what you please, Sir; I shall be contented and thankful. —Not so, replied the Physiognomist; as God lives I shall give you what you want, be it litttle or much. Then, Sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings. Here they are. Had you asked a hundred guineas, you should have had them.

RIDICULOUS ABSURDITY OF

QUEUES, & POWDERED HEADS.

[*Addressed to the editors of the Sporting Magazine*]

AS the present rage for *crops* has furnished a wonderful fund of wit for the punster to work upon, it may, perhaps, be considered in some degree entertaining to your readers to lay before them the following:

For instance: one wit says—"Considering the quantity *cut down*, there are still great crops." Another says—"Notwithstanding the warm weather, the crops are *backward*." A third observes—"The crops promise well, if we may judge from the *ears*," while another says, that "Though the crops look well, there is *nothing* in the *head*;" and a most shrewd and cautious wag tells us, that, "To his particular knowledge, the crops will not bear *threshing*."

Now after all this wit and waggery, may we not enquire, what an observer from the woods would think of *a man with a queue!* Certainly, unless in that particular colony which lord Montoddo so sensibly describes, the human figure was not naturally gifted with a tail. Did any man of fashion after sitting for two hours under the hands of a frizeur, ever pause to think what sort of exhibition his head must make in the eyes of a man of nature?

How would a statue look with a queue? Nay, when a coxcomb has so little taste as to have his picture drawn with his hair dressed in the mode for the time being, what does he do with the portrait a year or two afterwards, when the fashion changes?—*Hide* it, for fear of being laughed at!

Whenever an artist of taste and genius desires to give dignity to his subject, he boldly departs from the silly bondage of fashion, and imitates, in his painting or sculpture of the human head the attractive simplicity of nature. A more certain way than any of the modern inventions, to make even Shakespeare appear ridiculous, would be, to discover in some *old trunk* his portrait *queued and powdered.*—We smile at the conceit of such a caricature!

Yet what the mind's true taste confesses to be absurd, what would disgust us in the cold and inanimate semblance of man in marble, we adhere to in the daily practice of life; and, when some men of unsophisticated taste, rise above the degrading folly of a bad custom, they are made the objects, as we see of every trifling punster.

As to the economy of the thing, the time daily saved to the individual, and the grain thus rescued from the head for the use of the belly, these are considerations infinitely below the notice of a jester. There is not a single person of plain sense, however, who does not sigh for the time when nature shall so far recover her ascendance in our hemisphere, as that he may be suffered to pass along the streets like a *man*, and not be forced to disguise himself like a *monkey!*

The following humorous mistake was made a few days back, by a child three years old, in a village in Cumberland: a lady passed the door with her *muff* and *tippet*—the child never having seen such ornaments before, ran into the house, calling out, Mother, mother, here is a woman with a *a brown dog in her arms, and its tail round her neck.*

The present fashion of clipping the *tail* from the *head*, and the *skirts* from the *tail*, entitles the perfect beau to adopt for his motto, *brevis esse laboro.* The man of fashion is, indeed, so concise, when *cropped* and *spencered*, that he may justly be called a *fashionable abridgment.*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 7, 1804.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

*** Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay *in advance*.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 32 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Accident 1—consumption 11—hives 2—appopletic fits 2—nervous fever 1—decline 1—whooping cough 1—fits 3—small pox 2—phthisic 1—dropsy 1—drowned 1—found in a cellar 1—dropsy in the head 1—cold upon the lungs 1—disorders not mentioned 2.

Of this number 24 were adults and 8 children.

To-morrow evening a charity sermon will be preached in the Baptist meeting house in Gold-st. and a collection made for the benefit of the charity-school.

Extract of a letter from St. Martins dated Nov. 24.

This day arrived a schooner from Baltimore, which in lat. 32, N. long, 66, W. took the people from the wreck of the ship Hawk, capt. Alexander Knight, from Demarara bound to Portsmouth. N. H. The people left the ship in their own boat, and went along side the schooner—the sea running very high, every man jumped on board the schooner excepting three passengers, a man, his wife and child. The man handed his child on board, the boat not being made fast, and half full of water, dropped off, and himself and wife both drowned, it being eight o'clock in the evening and very dark. I saw the child this morning, he is a fine boy of only eleven months old. A gentleman of the name of Howel, has taken the child as one of his own. I had the above from captain Knight, who desired me to have it published in the Portsmouth papers. N. B. The ship belonged to Demarara, and was bound to Portsmouth to be repaired. The persons drowned were English.

We are informed, that on Sunday night the 18th inst. a man of the name of Moody, who lived at Somers in the State of Connecticut, and had at times shown symptoms of distraction; beat out the brains of his wife with an axe, and hacked her body in a shocking manner—destroyed his infant child, and a child of a relation of his in the house, in the same manner, and then with a knife cut his own throat from ear to ear. Further particulars of this horrid catastrophe we have not learned.

On Monday the 26th ult. a duel was fought between a Mr. William Thornton and a Mr. Francis Conway of Fredericksburgh, (Vir,) and both shots took effect the first fire, and put an end to the existence of both. It seems they were young unmarried men, as it is added, Two weeping mothers deplore the loss of two sons, and their children the loss of two affectionate brothers. The causes of this fatal meeting are not mentioned, nor is any thing hinted at, that can lead to plausible conjecture.

Extract from a French work on the subject of Vaccination, published at Nantz, in 1802, by Dr. Louis Valentine.

The Cow, from whom we originally hold the beneficial liquid which preserves from the Small Pox, is not the only animal which can be inoculated with it for the purpose of transmitting it to man, and from man again to the animal. After being assured of this truth, I have been led to another very singular discovery connected with it. The attempts which I had made last year, proved to me, that the Vaccine disease succeeds not only with dogs, but also with goats, asses and sheep, and that the matter produced from it can be transmitted alternately to man, with the same success as if it had been taken from the udder of the cow, where the pustules are larger and more expanded.

The subjects vaccinated with matter from these animals, were afterward submitted to the various counter proof; one by sleeping with persons ill of the small-pox, others by inoculation; but none of them took the small pox.

The vaccine has been transmitted from a goat to thirty-six individuals, without any deviation in the common routine, or in the accustomed symptoms. Some of these persons were either exposed to the contagion of the small pox, or have been inoculated with variolus matter without effect.

I have had no opportunity of making experiments on the mare, or most probably they would have been attended with the same success.

It does not yet appear that the Vaccine disease is transmissible from one animal immediately to another, but that it is necessary for it to pass through the medium of a human individual.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, DEC. 30.

The Stranger, (Kotzebue, altered by Dunlap) and *Purse, (Cross)*

Mrs. *Darby*, late Miss *Milbourne* of the Philadelphia Theatre, made her *debut* in the little but interesting character of *Sally*. Her fears seemed almost to overcome her powers at her first appearance, but she sung and acted her part of the duet with *Will Steady* in a manner which evinced taste and judgment.

Mr. *Harwood* proved himself an excellent representative of the English sailor.

MONDAY, JANUARY 2.

The house literally overflowed to the representation of *Blue Beard, (Colman, the younger)* and *Next-door Neighbors, (translated from the French by Mrs. Inchbald.)*

TUESDAY, JANUARY 3.

The London Merchant, or the history of George Barnwell, (Lillo) and *Bonaparte in England, (Dunlap)*

The part of *Barnwell* was made the opening character for a young gentleman, whose name we understand is *Claude*. He was received in a very flattering manner, and by the propriety of his declamation and the feeling manner in which he delivered his author, seems entitled to that public favor which he has certainly attained.

Every part of the play was well performed, and produced great effect.

The farce was received with increased tokens of public approbation.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4.

John Bull, (Colman, the younger) and *House to be sold, (Cobb)*.

We are obliged to defer our intended account of the plot, &c. of *A House to be sold* until a future number.

Married,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. George Seaman, to Miss Sarah Wright, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 20th ult. Mr. Jacob C. Arthur, to Miss Jane Ebbets, daughter of Mr. Daniel I. Ebbets, merchant, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. John Wyckoff, of Gravesend, (L. I.) to Miss Lucretia Dover, daughter of Mr. John Dover, merchant, of this city.

At Catskill, on Friday, the 23d ult. Mr. Thomas Phoebus, of New-York, to Miss Mabel Street, daughter of Mr. Caleb Street, of Catskill.

At Athens, (Ver.) Mr! Silas Chaplin, aged 15, to Miss Susannah Powers, aged 13!

At Haddam, (Con) Mr. Robert Keene, of Providence, to Miss Hannah Bowen. This couple were strangers to each other on the day previous to their marriage.

At Philadelphia, Thomas Manners, esq. capt. in his Britannic Majesty's 49th regt. of foot, to Miss Mary Rush, daughter of Dr. Rush, of that city.

On Saturday evening last week, at Baltimore, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother to the First Consul of the French Republic, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, eldest daughter of Mr. William Patterson, merchant, of that city.

At Hard Scrabble, (Virg.) on the 13th Dec. Mr. John Ward, aged 71, to Miss Charity Darling, aged 50, after a long courtship.

He certainly had a *hard scrabble* to obtain his *darling*.

On Monday evening, Mr. John Davids, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Morgan, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, at New Utrecht, (L. I.) by the Rev. Peter Stryker, Mr. Herman Barkuloo to Miss Maria Suydam.

In England, Mr. Thomas Duffy, to Miss Grame, a lady of fortune. The annals of matrimony scarce afford a more singular instance of unwearied attachment than the above. The parties were known to each other in youth, and became mutually enamored, but the enrelenting opposition of parents broke off the match. Mr. D. formed another connection, he married, was the father of several children, and became a widower. His first love was again, by correspondence, renewed, again frustrated. By the same means he sought consolation in the arms of a second wife, his family again increased, and he a second time became a widower. His first flame still unextinguished, once more renewed, and former obstacles being extinct, after a lapse of twenty-five years, without ever seeing each other in the interval, this couple have at length united.

Died,

On Sunday afternoon, at half past four o'clock, Mrs. Mary Bancker, wife of Christopher Bancker, esq.

On Monday evening, Mrs. Rebecca Wickham, wife of capt. Wickham, master and owner of the ship Liberty, of this port.

On Tuesday evening, aged 20, Mrs. Charlotte Carr, wife of Mr. John Carr, and daughter of Major Hunt, of Powles' Hook.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Clinch, wife of Mr. Jacob Clinch, of the house of Jones, Son, and Clinch.

At Newport, the 20th ult. the rev. Samuel Hopkins, S. T. D. in the 83d year of his age.

In Savannah, the 10th ult. capt. Philip R. Cowper, aged 28, master of the ship Warren, of New-York.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do. —Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, January 9,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A favorite Tragedy, called,

DOUGLAS,

OR, THE NOBLE SHEPHERD.

To which will be added,

A Comic Opera, in 2 Acts, called,

THE PRIZE,

OR,

2538.

[*For the Weekly Visitor.*]

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

JOURNEYING on his lonely way,
A blind and aged wand'rer stray'd,
That begg'd for food from day to day,
And nightly on the highroad laid.

No lovely landscapes bless'd his eyes,
In vain was blooming nature gay,
The thought but swell'd the bursting sighs
That bore his wretched life away.

The rolling seasons' varied scene
He hapless man could never see,
Dark leafless winter, nor the green
With which sweet summer decks the tree.

With grief his mournful tale he told,
How all his youthful days were past,
And now that friendless, poor and old,
He bent beneath the blust'ring blast.

And as he spoke in accents low
And lowly bending o'er his cane,
Tears down his furrow'd face would flow
To find his piteous prayers were vain.

The little dog that led his road
Was now his only earthly friend;
But heav'n that had his life bestow'd
Did still his drooping days defend.

C—

ANNA.

A BALLAD.

SINKING in the western sky,
Phœbus sheds a glowing light:
O'er the wide and barren heath
Slowly falls the gloom of night.

Wand'ring, sad, with weary steps,
Anna quits her once-lov'd home,
Driven by keen and bitter sorrow
Through the dreary waste to roam.

Once she lov'd the gentle Edwin,
Heedless of his humble lot;
Nor even now though banish'd from him,
Is his love and faith forgot.

Every hour once pass'd so gaily,
To remembrance still is dear;
And her truth resists temptation,
Though her Edwin is not near.

Allan, rich and high in favor,
Seeks fair Anna for his bride;
And her friends, by av'rice guided,
Claim obedience on her side.

Driven by force and sharp reproaches,
In despair she seeks the shore
Where she saw her love departing:
Him she fears to see no more!

Now, the black'ning tempest rising,
High the surge with fury roars;
Vivid lightning glares around her,
And the rain unceasing pours.

Careless of the stormy weather,
Anna strains her frantic eyes,
And beholds the wrecking vessel
In the gloomy prospect rise.

Vainly, buffeting the billows,
Seamen ev'ry effort try;
Soon she splits upon the breakers——
Hark!—how dismal is the cry!

Anna views with speechless horror
This sad scene; a wreck she spies;
And the name of Isidora
Strikes at once her wond'ring eyes.

'Tis the bark in which young Edwin,
When he bade her last adieu,
Ventur'd to a distant climate,
Wealth and honor to accrue.

"Though in life," she cried, "we're parted,
"Still in death we meet again:
"Edwin!—now I die with pleasure,
"Since we share an equal pain!"

As she sprung into the ocean,
One poor sailor gain'd the steep,
Who with looks of terror view'd her
Wildly plunge into the deep.

Silly maiden!—thus presuming
To arraign the power of fate!
While you madly seek destruction
Heav'n may send relief too late.

Prompted by a secret impulse,
Quick he dives into the main,
And with transport grasp'd her garments,
Trusting once more land to gain.

Providence, his hope befriending,
Throws them on the friendly shore,
Where, with looks of fondest rapture,
Edwin sees his love once more.

"Anna!—dearest of all maidens!
"Hear thy faithful Edwin's voice,—
"Now restor'd with hard sav'd treasure,
"Come to bid thy heart rejoice!"

Soon reviv'd by his endearments,
Anna heard the joyful tale,
And with heart-felt transport led him
To the cottage in the vale.

There atoning, by contrition,
For her impious, rash attempt,
Soon she gain'd her father's pardon,
As on gain his soul was bent.

Now rich Allan is discarded;
Edwin claims her for his own:
Thus was constancy rewarded—
Thus be true love ever known!

Never may the virtuous suffer
With the pressure of despair;
But rely—that heav'nly goodness
Will, at length, remove their care.

JUST PUBLISHED,
By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINE'S
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
Containing in addition to its usual information,
A LIST
Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

WHAITES & CHARTERS,
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,
No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.
N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

APOLLO SOCIETY.
Under the direction of James Everdell.
The members of this society are informed, that its meetings will commence on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, and be continued on every Tuesday, at the house of Mr. Everdell, No. 90, in Chamber-Street.
Persons wishing to become members, may be made acquainted with the regulations, by applying to Mr. Everdell.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.
No. 246 WATER STREET.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?
"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing dame Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.
JOHN TIEBOUT.
N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.